THE PILGRIM
OF
OUR LADY OF MARTYRS
(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.)

XI. YEAR. AUGUST, 1895. NO. 8.

IN VISION FAIR.

BY J. R.

IN childish visions, when the hour of prayer
Lifted my heart and mind to things of Heaven,
Often in fancy, to my sight was given
The view of that bright heavenly crown so fair,
Which I should wear.

With many a gem bedecked it seemed to shine,
Bright, gleaming, through a rift of deepest blue.
Of sin and loss, no thought I ever knew:
That crown, prepared for me by Love Divine,
Was surely mine.

While now in manhood's years the cross I bear,
Tempted and weak, with secret cares opprest,
My wearied soul, that only yearns for rest,
Forgets the bliss of Heaven, the crown so fair,
That waits me there.

The cross is real, the crown of fancy born;
Childhood has dreams, and manhood work and strife;
And these make up the sum of human life:
But eve reflects the glory of the morn,
Ere night comes on.

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So blessèd crown, O helpful vision beam,
When falling shadows dim life's closing day,
And failing strength makes hard the upward way,
That childlike faith may see, as childhood's dream,
Thy heavenly gleam.

And blessèd Cross, blessed by my Saviour's pain,
Tho' tears may flow, and oft the heart repine,
Yet for no earthly bliss I'd Thee resign;
For 'tis through Thee, I hope, 'mid angels strain,
My crown to gain.

OUR LADY'S SHRINES.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

THE feast of Our Lady of the Snow which is celebrated on the fifth day of this month suggests to us a shrine and picture of our Blessed Lady, both of which are most remarkable in their origin and history as well as in the graces and favors which God, in His good providence, has attached to them.

According to a pious and well-founded tradition there lived in Rome in the fourth century, under Pope Liberius, a Christian of patrician rank and great wealth, whose name was John. Being without issue, he and his pious wife made a vow to consecrate all their property to the honor of the Mother of God. They were praying to God and His Holy Mother for light that they might know how best to dispose of their substance for the honor of their heavenly Queen, when God gave them a sign from heaven, which they recognized as an indubitable manifestation of the divine will. On the night preceding the fifth of August a heavy sheet of snow fell upon the Esquiline Hill. This wonderful phenomenon they took to signify that it was God's will that they should crown the Esquilinus with a magnificent church to be dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Pope Liberius approved their interpretation of the wonderful event and encouraged them in their noble purpose.

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Thus the magnificent structure was raised, which from the remarkable occurrence was called *Maria ad Nives*, or Mary of the Snow. In Rome this church has long been known as St. Mary Major (*Maria Maggiore*), being long in rank and splendor second only to the great Lateran Basilica.

About one hundred years later this sanctuary of our Lady was restored, enlarged and magnificently ornamented by Sixtus III. who was raised to the Papal throne in the year 432. It was richly adorned with artistic mosaics and paintings to commemorate the dogmas of the unity of person in Christ and the divine motherhood of the Blessed Virgin, recently defined against Nestorius in the Council of Ephesus.

An art critic characterizes those works of art in the following words: "The mysteries of the divine motherhood of the Blessed Virgin and the divinity of our Lord are so brought out in these works that they leave no doubt of the belief of the Church in those days. Thus the artist, interpreting the mind of the Pope, though by so doing he seems to have slightly violated the rules of art, places the Child of Bethlehem on a chair, more resembling a throne than a cradle. It is manifest that it was the intention of the artist to bring into prominence the divinity of the Saviour which is concealed under the veil of His human nature. In others of these works he represents the Divine Infant as receiving that homage which is due to God alone. For the rest, the Annunciation and all the other circumstances of the divine motherhood are brought into such evidence as fully to illustrate that Catholic dogma."

Those works of art have been preserved for more than fourteen hundred years, and may be still seen over the grand arch that separates the sanctuary from the main body of the Church. Besides these monuments of ancient art this Sanctuary possesses two great treasures—the crib in which our Lord was laid, and an ancient painting of the Blessed Virgin, commonly known as the Madonna of St. Luke.

There is a legend which says that this Madonna was painted by the hand of St. Luke, the Evangelist, and that it was brought to Rome by St. Helena at the same time with the holy crib. Art critics and archæologists, however, maintain

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that this painting originated in the fifth century probably at the same time with the mosaics of Sixtus III. In matter and style it seems to stand in closest relation to the Sixtine paintings. It represents the Blessed Virgin as Mother pressing to her bosom the Divine Infant, who holds a book in His left hand, while He raises His right hand as in the act of teaching or blessing.

A modern critic says of this painting: "The expression of earnestness and gentleness, the motion of the hand, whether to teach or to bless, the book in the left hand and the age of the Divine Child, which is somewhat in advance of that at which children are borne in their mother's lap—all this would imply that the child is something more than human, that He is God. But the manner in which He is supported by the Mother, the careless position of the hand and the simplicity of His bearing remind us of His humanity. In the Mother, on the other hand, sweetness, majestic gentleness and earnestness are blended together, in such measure, and brought out so forcibly, that we can hardly help recognizing that her motherhood is divine without ceasing at the same time to be human."

This unity of idea and style seems to imply that this Madonna of St. Luke is of a piece with the other paintings and mosaics of Sixtus, though nothing prevents us from admitting that it has been suggested by, or copied from, a painting by the Evangelist.

What the venerable Catherine Emerich relates in her revelation concerning this painting, is noteworthy. Thus she dictates to Clement Brentano: "I saw St. Luke painting several portraits of the Blessed Virgin, and some of them in a miraculous manner. On one occasion he was painting a bust portrait of her. Somehow, he could not succeed. He prayed and fell into ecstasy; and when he recovered consciousness he found the picture finished before him. This painting is preserved in the Church of St. Mary Major in Rome over the altar of a chapel to the right of the high altar. This, however, is not the original but a copy. The original was once, at the approach of danger, together with many other sacred objects, enclosed in a wall, which

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has the form of a pillar. In the same hiding place there are many holy relics of the saints and manuscripts of great antiquity. When the priest, saying mass at the altar of the holy picture of the Virgin, says *Dominus vobiscum*, his right hand points to the middle column in which those sacred relics are concealed."

Whether the Madonna of the Snow is the work of St. Luke, or a copy of it, or a reproduction from memory, or an original work, certain it is that the greatest honor was paid to it in Rome since the days of Sixtus III. Nor was this devotion confined to the people only; it was practised also by the popes themselves, who, at various times, had recourse to our Lady of the Snow in imminent dangers of the Church.

In the reign of Pope St. Gregory the Great the holy city of the popes was visited by various scourges. Among them was a dreadful pestilence that was depopulating not only Rome, but most parts of Europe. The Pope preached penance, ordered public prayers to be said, and did everything possible to mitigate the suffering of the people. But prayers and penance seemed to avail nothing. At length he determined, at Easter time, to order a public procession through the streets of Rome, in which the picture of our Lady of the Snow was to be borne. Priests and people, with one heart and one soul, joined in the procession and sent up their supplication with contrite, humble and confident hearts to the Queen of Heaven. The heavenly hosts themselves blended their angelic notes with the voices of men. For all of a sudden a chorus of angels' voices was heard singing the anthem: "Queen of Heaven, rejoice, Alleluia! For whom thou wast worthy to bear, Alleluia! Is arisen, as He foretold, Alleluia."

At the same time the Pope beheld, over Hadrian's monument, which to-day is known as Castel Sant' Angelo, an angel sheathing a blood-stained sword. This was sent as a sign from God that His wrath was appeased and that the chastisement was here to cease. And so it happened; from that day the pestilence nearly vanished. Thus our Lady of the Snow proved herself the Help of Christians.

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In the year 1606, Paul V. had a new chapel built on the gospel side of the main altar for the miraculous picture. There it rests over a magnificent altar in a frame of precious stones supported by four angels of gilt bronze. Here it remained the object of the veneration of the faithful of the entire world, who flock every year to the eternal city, down to our own day. Twice within the present century it was borne in solemn procession to St. Peter's Church—in 1835 by Gregory XVI., when for the space of twenty-two days it was exposed for the veneration of the faithful in various churches of Rome, and again in the year 1860 by Pius IX.

Such was the veneration in which this holy picture was held that for one thousand years it was not permitted to make a copy of it. It was only in the year 1569 that Paul V., at the instigation of St. Francis Borgia, General of the Society of Jesus, permitted a limited number of copies to be made. One copy was given to Blessed Ignatius Azevedo, of the Society of Jesus, when he left for the missions of Brazil, on that voyage on which he and thirty-nine companions were taken and martyred by Dutch Calvinists. Azevedo held this treasure in his hand while exhorting his companions to constancy in their torments, and did not let go his hold of it until after sinking under his wounds he was cast into the sea. By a special providence the picture was discovered, floating on the sea, by one of the sailors of a passing ship and carried to Brazil, where it was henceforth honored under a double title, both as the reproduction of the miraculous Madonna of the Snow, and as a memorial of the glorious martyrdom of the Blessed Ignatius Azevedo and his companions.

A second copy was given by St. Francis Borgia to the Blessed Rudolph Aquaviva, who was the first martyr of the Society of Jesus in the East Indies. Such was the beauty and majesty of this painting that a Mohammedan chief to whom Father Rudolph Aquaviva showed it, spontaneously prostrated himself before it to pay his veneration to it after the manner of the Mohammedans. Various other copies were sent to different houses of the Society of Jesus in Europe and in the missions. The most remarkable, however, was

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the one kept in the Novitiate of Sant' Andrea in Rome, which was the very first copy taken from the original. The novices of the Society at Rome had always since the days of St. Stanislas a very tender devotion to Our Lady of the Snow. It was their custom when arising in the morning and retiring at night to turn their faces towards Maria Maggiore and thus to implore their mother's blessing. It was on a pilgrimage to this Shrine on the fifth day of August, 1568, the dedication of *Maria ad Nives* that St. Stanislas spoke the memorable words *Mater Dei*, *Mater mea*, "the Mother of God is my mother," and foretold that he would celebrate the coming fifteenth day of August, the feast of her Assumption, in heaven.

From this imperfect sketch we may gather, at least, this much:—that shrines of our Lady are not a thing of yesterday, but that they date back to the early ages of the Church; that they are monuments of the faith, schools of piety, inspirers of confidence in the efficacy of prayer, witnesses to God's wonderful works—in short, incentives to faith, hope, and love. Hence it is that shrines have always been and always will be, timely and popular with all those who have a true Catholic spirit, whatever Protestants or so-called liberal Catholics may think or say to the contrary. Hence St. Ignatius of Loyola considers this as one of the distinctive marks of a true Catholic,—"to commend shrines and pious pilgrimages."

As our very needs constrain us to pray for ourselves, so charity moves us to pray for others. The prayer which is most pleasing to God, as St. John Chrysostom teaches, is not that which necessity sends up to heaven, but that which fraternal charity presents before His throne. And if the petitions we offer for others are not always granted, yet they are not fruitless; they gain merit for ourselves, according to the words of the Royal Psalmist: "My prayer shall be turned into my bosom," which means that if our prayers do not obtain just what we sought to obtain by them for others, we shall certainly receive a reward for ourselves in view of our charity.

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BY WAY OF THE CROSS.

BY E. C. S.

"HILDA, my dear, do you know where I found Tot?" asked the Rev. Edgar King, entering his wife's room with a very small and very dirty specimen of humanity perched upon his shoulder.

Mrs. King looked up from her book with a smile. "I am sure I cannot say. In mischief as usual, though, I have no doubt."

"Playing on the edge of the landslide between here and Major Wood's bungalow, with a baby monkey that she must have coaxed down from a tree."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. King, turning pale. The spot her husband had mentioned was one of the most dangerous of the narrow hill paths with which Cherat abounded. "Was Beila not with her?"

"No, the child was alone. I think you had better send that woman away and get somebody else. I suspect she is addicted to opium eating, and is probably at the present moment lying asleep somewhere." As he spoke, Mr. King swung his little daughter to the ground and began to wipe her grimy hands with his handkerchief, a proceeding that his wife put a summary stop to, by picking the baby up and leaving the room in search of the delinquent nurse.

The result of this incident was the discharge of Beila, and the installation in her place of a young native girl of seventeen, who came to Mrs. King with the best of references from former employers.

"What is your name?" asked the minister's wife, when the bargain was concluded.

"Agnes, memsahib," was the unexpected reply.

"Agnes!" in a tone of surprise. "How did you come by that pretty name?"

"The holy Sisters gave it to me when I was baptized, memsahib."

Mrs. King's delicate brows contracted and a slight flush rose in her pale cheeks. "You are then a Christian and a—

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a Catholic?" she asked, tapping her fingers restlessly on the table beside which she was sitting.

"Yes, memsahib."

"How did you happen to meet with the Sisters, and where?"

"My father was peon for the convent at Kusawli, and when he became a Christian I became one also, and then I was servant at the convent for a little while."

Mrs. King seemed scarcely to have heard the answer to her last question for she remained silently gazing out of the window at the distant sun-lit hills with eyes in which there was a world of sad yearning. A slight movement on the part of the native girl at length aroused her, and she turned her face toward her again and said in a weary tone: "Very well, Agnes, that will do. You may come to-morrow."

The girl made a salaam and withdrew. When she was gone, Mrs. King rose to her feet and began to pace the room with nervous, hurried steps, her hands clasped tightly before her and her face pale and drawn as with pain.

"God help me," she whispered to herself at last, coming to a halt and brushing the hair back from her forehead with hot trembling hands. "Am I never to have peace? never to forget?"

At that moment the door opened and her husband entered. His quick glance at once took in her agitation and he hastened to her side, exclaiming: "Hilda, my dearest, what is it?"

It seemed for a hardly perceptible instant as if she would have shrunk from the arm that he put around her, but the feeling of repulsion, if such it was, passed before he noticed it, and she laid her head against his shoulder and burst into a passion of weeping.

He waited until the violence of the outburst had exhausted itself, and then led her to a chair and sat down beside her, still keeping her hand in a firm clasp.

"Now, darling, tell me what has gone wrong," he said soothingly. "Are you ill?"

"No, oh no!" she answered, resting her head wearily against the back of her chair and brushing away the tears as

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they welled up. "But I am so unhappy, Edgar, so very unhappy. I do not think I shall ever know peace of soul again."

Mr. King's face clouded and his hand tightened over hers. "Is it the old trouble again, Hilda?" he asked sadly.

"If it would but grow old," she said hopelessly. "But it is ever new, ever fresh. Not an hour passes in which I am not reminded of my faithlessness to God; not a day in which something does not occur to recall to me that I have bartered heaven for earth. Why did you tempt me, Edgar? Oh why did you do it?" and again the storm of grief broke forth.

"Hilda, my dear, my dear," said Mr. King imploringly, "will you never rid yourself of this chimera? Have I not proved to you over and over again that in passing from the Roman to the Anglican communion you have but passed from one branch of the Catholic Church to another in which your eternal salvation is just as secure? Do you think I should remain in my present position if I did not believe firmly in this doctrine?"

"If I could only think the same," faltered Mrs. King between her sobs; "but I cannot. Faith, instinct, fancy, call it what you will, warns me I have done wrong, and while I feel it, I cannot be happy. Yet I have not the courage to turn back, and face the consequences to *you* of my return to the faith of my girlhood."

"What particular circumstance led to these sad thoughts to-day?" asked Mr. King, trying to lead her indirectly from the subject.

"The new ayah I have engaged for 'Tot' is a Catholic, and in our conversation to-day she mentioned the nuns at Kusawli. It was like a dagger-thrust in my heart. You know I was educated at Kusawli convent."

"I am not likely to forget that I owe the best of wives to the training of the good nuns," was the gallant answer. "Come now, dearest, dry up those tears and try to believe with me that, though Rome does not recognize us just yet, she will do so some day, and in the meantime you have not ceased to belong to the Church of Christ. Run away now,

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and put on your habit and we will go for a ride. The fresh air will soon blow these megrims away."

Slowly and sadly Mrs. King sought her room and dressed herself for her ride. She could and did dry her tears in obedience to her husband's request, but it was beyond his power or hers to bid the pangs of outraged conscience cease. Day and night she was tormented by the recollection of what she had done, and, to add to the desolation of her heart, she felt that every tear she had shed over her own apostasy was a drop of water upon the flame of the undisciplined passion which had led to her unhappy marriage. Disguise it from herself as she would, she could not help feeling that the anguish she had brought upon herself for his sake, was gradually but surely sapping her love for her husband.

Sometimes she would look forward shudderingly to the time when he would become hateful to her and she to him, and then she would fly from her own thoughts and plunge into church affairs with such feverish energy that he was frequently deceived into thinking she had at last become really converted to his views, a state of beatitude from which he was invariably recalled by discovering that she had slipped away, sometimes on Sunday evenings, to pay a visit to the little Catholic chapel up on the hill near by; visits from which she returned in greater depression of spirits than ever.

Although Mr. King did not know it, it became whispered about amongst the little Catholic congregation that the "minister's lady" was, or ought to be, a Catholic. More than one worshipper at the "chapel" had seen and recognized the black clad figure down near the door, and perhaps surmised the cause of the tears that her dark veil did not always hide. To these erratic visits, though he did not approve of them, the minister did not openly object, hoping that time and his own deep affection would gradually draw his wife's thoughts and sympathies away from the faith of her childhood. He had been very patient, very gentle with her during the four years of their married life, and though of late he had begun to despair of ever bringing her to see things from his point of view, his manner so far had suffered no alteration. His forbearance, however, was a matter of time, and she knew it.

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Meanwhile, the new ayah was winning golden opinions from the household on account of her diligence, cheerfulness and unceasing attentiveness to her duties. However unostentatious a practical Catholic may be, he or she must necessarily attract attention by the exact performance of religious duties, and so it happened that the nurse's daily life became another source of self-reproach to her unhappy mistress. Once Mr. King confided to his wife his intention of inviting Agnes to consider the claims of the Anglican church as opposed—under the British flag—to those of Rome ; but she begged of him so earnestly not to disturb the mind of the simple native girl that he reluctantly abandoned the idea. At last a serious blow fell upon Mr. King and gave him something else to think about. The bishop of Putipore died, and his successor, on his first pastoral visit to Cherat, animadverted very forciby against what he termed the Rev. Edgar's fondness for "ecclesiastical millinery." His Lordship's leanings were in a decidedly Low-Church direction, and the tone in which he thought proper to censure the minister's introduction of candles, acolytes, incense, crucifixes and other "Romish frippery" into the Church service, made that gentleman's cheeks tingle, especially as his admonition contained a veiled threat of "suspension," should the obnoxious practices be continued.

"The idea!" exclaimed Mr. King indignantly, when relating the affair to his wife. "He would reduce the church to the appearance of a Methodist meeting-house if he had his way. But he is not going to get it. I'd bring the matter into court first."

"Then he does not indorse your theory of the Anglican church being a branch of the Roman stem?" asked Mrs. King quietly.

"Unfortunately, no. He is one of the stiff-necked minority who think we cannot adopt the beauties of the Roman form of worship without adopting the errors into which that Church fell in the dark ages, though without invalidating her claim to be considered the true Church, of course."

"I don't see how she could teach error and still remain the

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true Church,'' remarked Mrs. King, with emphasis on the "true"; but just then Mr. King remembered an important engagement and went away to keep it, more exercised in mind by his wife's remark than he would have cared to own. She had indeed touched upon a point which he had by no means, as yet, explained satisfactorily to himself, and he would not have relished being driven into a corner about it.

When he was gone his wife went to the nursery to pay a visit to her beloved Tot, and found her sound asleep with the native girl fanning her. The cot upon which she was lying was placed in an angle between two windows, and above it hung a beautiful representation of the Mater Dolorosa. As Mrs. King entered the room she saw the young nurse gazing affectionately at the picture with an expression of reverent sorrow on her dark face.

"Do you like that picture, Agnes?" something impelled her mistress to ask.

"It is beautiful, memsahib," answered the girl simply.

"You have great devotion to the Blessed Virgin, I suppose?"

"Indeed I could not help it, memsahib. The Holy Mother loved us so much and suffered so much for us."

Mrs. King put her hand to her throat with a quick gesture and turned to look out of the window. She could not bear the look of serene devotion on the native girl's face. Then a sudden impulse moved her, and she turned back again and said in a low hurried tone: "Ask the Holy Mother to take care of my little Tot, Agnes."

"I do, memsahib, every night and morning."

The nurse's answer was brought to an abrupt end by the sound of a distant muffled rumble that seemed to come from beneath the earth, and the next moment the bungalow was violently shaken to and fro, its timbers creaking ominously and the plaster falling in showers in every direction.

"Great Heaven, it is an earthquake!" exclaimed Mrs. King, making a frantic rush for her child. "Come Agnes, come! we have not an instant to lose."

Before she could lift Tot off the bed there was another violent shock and she was precipitated to the floor, while the

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whole house rocked fearfully and a great crack opened in the wall from floor to ceiling.

"Merciful God, save my child!" exclaimed the terrified mother, struggling to her feet, unconscious that her forehead was cut and bleeding.

"Mother of Sorrow, save us!" ejaculated Agnes, trying to assist her mistress. "Pray, memsahib! pray to the Holy Mother."

But Mrs. King was groping for her child, scarce able to see for the blood that trickled down her face from the wound she had received, and the nurse's words fell upon heedless ears. To add to their horror the daylight was being gradually blotted out to give place to a dim, grey twilight, and the subterranean thunder rolled its muffled roars incessantly. It seemed to the two women that the end of the world had come.

Then, suddenly, the solid earth gave a sickening heave and receded again; there was a crack, a shower of mortar, wood and bricks, and Mrs. King, looking wildly about her, saw Agnes sink to the floor, crushed by a heavy beam from the ceiling; the walls on every side cracked, bulged and closed in around her, and then all was darkness and oblivion.

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Two hours afterward a hundred willing hands were busy about the ruins of the minister's house; burrowing down into the débris and removing it cautiously, lest haply, the entombed inmates might not yet be dead.

The native girl, Agnes, was the first to be discovered, but though she still breathed, the doctor who was in attendance shook his head doubtfully after he had examined her. She was laid on a stretcher and carried away to the hospital and then the work was resumed with renewed energy.

A few moments later one of the searchers came upon a pile of broken and twisted beams whose splintered ends rested upon a baby's cot. Pitiful hands lifted the great masses of timbers away and brought to light a strange thing. Lying face downward, across the brass rail that surrounded the cot, was the picture of the Mater Dolorosa, and beneath

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it slumbered unhurt, baby Tot, one little rosy fist curled up under her cheek, the other clasped tight around her doll.

More than one pair of eyes unaccustomed to tears were moistened at the sight and rough hands grew strangely gentle as they lifted the soft baby form from the cot and carried it into the open air and safety. Then the mother was found, lying in the small clear space that the cot had prevented the beams from crashing upon. She was unconscious but not seriously injured, and the application of a few restoratives soon brought her to herself. Her first question was for her child, and when it was put into her arms she bowed her head over it in silent thanksgiving, making a mighty resolution in the fervor of her gratitude that she would make her peace with God, cost what it might. Then she inquired for her husband, but nobody knew where he was. This, however, caused her very little uneasiness, for the doctor assured her that her house was the only one in Cherat that had fallen, or indeed, been seriously disturbed, owing probably to its situation. Hospital offers of shelter were made to her on every hand, and she decided at last to take refuge in the home of the doctor until her husband should return.

Good Mrs. McAllister received her with open arms and fussed about her to her heart's content. The warm-hearted woman had no children of her own, and it was a sight to see her bustling around little Tot and feeding her with dainties that would, under any other circumstances, have called forth a protest from Tot's mother. Although not badly hurt, Mrs. King's head throbbed violently from the cut she had received, and the doctor bound it up for her and made her lie down, shutting out the evening sunlight with his own hands and bidding his wife see to it that nobody was allowed to disturb her.

About an hour afterward, while Dr. McAllister was solacing himself with a mild form of brandy and soda, he was interrupted by the entrance of one of the officers of his regiment, who first looked about him cautiously, and then said:

"I am the bearer of awful news, McAllister—how you are going to break it to Mrs. King I don't know. Poor

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King has been found dead on the lower Rajat Road. Crushed to death by a landslide, poor chap. It must have been the earthquake that did it."

An inarticulate sound behind them made both men turn with a start. Mrs. King was standing in the doorway, looking at them with frozen, horror-stricken eyes, and a face so ghastly that they could not shake off the remembrance for weeks afterward. For an instant both were paralyzed; then they made a simultaneous movement in her direction, but before they could reach her, she had relaxed her grasp of the curtain and fallen, face forward, on the floor.

All that night tender hands ministered to the stricken woman as she lay like a statue on her bed, her stony unwinking eyes staring up at the ceiling. At first they thought her unconscious, and the doctor would have forced a cordial between her rigid lips, but she put away his hand and then he knew better. No tears, no merciful unconsciousness came to relieve the awful strain during that night or the next day. Fearing for her reason, Doctor McAllister forced opiates and sleeping draughts down her throat in spite of her dumb resistance, but he might have spared himself the trouble; they had no more effect upon her than so much water would have had. What fearful visions floated through her mind during that awful time none knew but herself.

At the end of the second day the overstrained brain gave way, and for three weeks she was a raving maniac, watched night and day lest she should do herself an injury.

Then youth and a good constitution triumphed, and she drifted back to health again; but the beauty she had so prized was gone, never to return. The luxuriant, chestnut tresses of which her husband had been so proud had been cut off. The lovely, sea-shell color had given place to a dull pallor, and the deep blue eyes that had sparkled with wit and merriment, were now sad and lustreless. It was only the wreck of the brilliant, beautiful Mrs. King that went to visit the hospital where the faithful Agnes was progressing slowly towards recovery, but a recovery which the doctors said only meant lifelong lameness.

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THE CONFRATERNITIES.

THE SODALITY.

The Sodality of University students and professional men in Barcelona, Spain, is a power for good in that city. Several of the secular professors of the University belong to it. It is divided into sections according to the different professions—lawyers, physicians, etc. Its members teach catechism, visit prisons, minister to the poor and the sick. The students of the Sodality control, to a great extent, the tone of the University. More than once they publicly protested against erroneous and liberal teachings. On the feast of the Immaculate Conception of this year the general communion of the Sodality numbered fourteen hundred.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

Diplomas of Aggregation to the Roman Prima Primaria Sodality have been sent to the following places:

Atlantic, *Iowa*, Church of SS. Peter and Paul; *Norfolk*, *Va.*, Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel; *Dorchester*, *Mass.*, St. Margaret's Church; *Phillipsburg*, *N. J.*, Church of St. Philip and St. James (three aggregations); *Brooklyn*, *N. Y.*, St. Joseph's Church; *Portland*, *Oregon*, Church of the Immaculate Heart of Mary; *Wilmington*, *Del.*, St. Patrick's Church; *Dubuque*, *Iowa*, St. Patrick's Church; *New York*, St. John Baptist's Church; *Chester*, *Ill.*, Our Lady Help of Christians; *Brooklyn*, *L. I.*, Convent of St. Francis of Assisi; *York*, *Nebraska*, St. Joseph's Church, two aggregations; *Purcell*, *Ind. Ter.*, St. Elizabeth's Church.

A PASTOR who has recently established the Sodality in his congregation writes us: "This society, since its inception, has done almost the work of an assistant. *Gratias Deo et tibi.*"

This is as it should be. A Sodality in a parish should be no sinecure, but should actively interest itself in its spiritual and corporal works of charity. This is, and always has been, a feature of our Lady's Sodalities.

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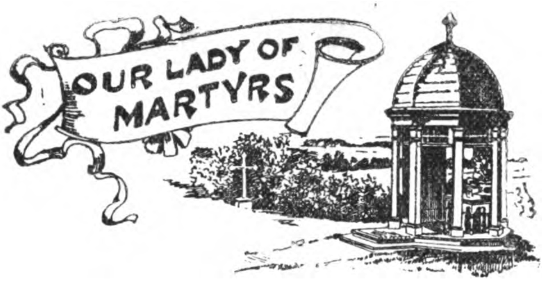

OUR LADY'S SORROWS.

BY J. E. U. N.

"My delicate ones have walked rough ways."—*Baruch iv., 26, v.*

BURDENED beyond our strength to bear,
We sought the lonely altar, where
Our Lady sits on Calvary,
With her dead Son upon her knee.

No words we have, nor any prayers,
Only the scalding, streaming tears
That flow upon our folded hands;
But God's dear mother understands!

And whispers to our spirit sore:
"Courage, my child! take heart once more!
Be comforted; the Master sends
The heaviest cross to His best friends!

And leads by paths they have not known,
The souls He chooses for His own.
He keeps them humbled all their days;
He breaks their will in many ways.

He proves how false a world it is;
How all loves fail excepting His!
By lonely ways, and trials sore,
He makes them strong to suffer more.

Take heart! the rough road is not long;
Though thou art weak, His arm is strong;
And pain is passing—rest is near;
The prize in sight—be of good cheer!"

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For the benefit of readers who may not have been subscribing to the PILGRIM last year, we publish the following notice of Auriesville, taken from a leaflet of devotion to Our Lady of Martyrs, lately issued to a number of her clients, who wished to take part in a novena made through the intercession of the Martyrs of Auriesville for the cure of a religious. Even those who are most familiar with the history and purposes of the Shrine will be glad to read what is so succinctly given here.

Auriesville is in Montgomery County, New York.

It is a station of the West Shore Railroad.

It is situated on the south bank of the Mohawk River, forty miles west by north of Albany.

The site is known in the missionary annals of our country as the *Mission of the Martyrs*, for its soil has been hallowed by the virtues and sacrifices of many heroic men and women of French and Indian races. The best known are Kateri Tegakwitha, Father Isaac Jogues, S.J., and René Goupil.

The Mission was destroyed in 1684. In 1884 the site was bought by the Society of Jesus, in memory of its members who had toiled and died there.

A shrine has been erected with an open chapel large enough to accommodate one thousand persons. A plaster cast of the model of the new statue of Our Lady of Martyrs is enshrined back of the altar. A Jesuit Father will say Mass there every morning in August. The chief pilgrimage is held every year on the feast of the Assumption, (or on the Sunday following), as it is the anniversary of the first public torture of Father Jogues and René Goupil.

The object of these pilgrimages is to pay our tribute to the holiness of those who lived and died at this mission, and to get their heroic virtues recognized by the Church by placing them on the calendar of the Saints.

We can prove the efficacy of their intercession by asking them to obtain for ourselves and for others the spiritual and

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temporal favors most needed. The innumerable thanksgivings recorded testify to the power of these servants of God.

Although due announcement of the pilgrimages to be made to the Shrine is promised in this leaflet, for obvious reasons, it is always difficult to announce definitely, a month beforehand, the dates and the arrangements for each. Even parishes near the Shrine cannot always determine what they are to do until a week or so before their pilgrimages. It is naturally much harder for pilgrims living at a distance to agree upon a day or a time for a general pilgrimage. Here and there parties may be made up and obtain reductions and facilities from the railway companies, and, according to the notice given above, they will be sure to have Mass, at least, during the month of August.

The great pilgrimage from Troy is usually on the Sunday after the Assumption; the fervent pilgrimages from Amsterdam have been made on the feast itself. Little Falls, Fonda, Albany and Schenectady have been sending their pilgrims on Sundays later in the month. This year they will all go as usual, and since we cannot give the dates of their several pilgrimages now, we shall issue a special circular, giving all the information possible about the Shrine during the coming season of pilgrimages.

The piety of the faithful, more than any zeal or effort on our part, has made these pilgrimages grow in number and in fervor every year. This year already promises an advance in both beyond previous years. It is clear that as the year 1896 approaches, the anniversary of the death of Father Jogues, the interest in the cause of the martyrs is increasing. On our part, we are happy to state, and we deem it no slight result of their intercession, that with the ravine lately purchased, the improvements already begun, we shall be ready for a fitting celebration of that great event a year from now.

Let all, then, who are interested in the Shrine, send for the new circular about the pilgrimages and the projects for

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the celebrations of the coming year. Even those who cannot attend the pilgrimages should have one, especially if they live at a distance and have no other means of uniting in spirit with the devout pilgrims at the Shrine. If convenient, a stamped envelope should accompany the request. Meantime, all should pray, not merely that the pilgrimages should succeed, but that they may hasten, what every devout pilgrim should pray for when at Auriesville, the beatification of the holy souls in whose honor they are made.

Send for one of these circulars, if only to use it in praying for the object of the novena mentioned in the first of these paragraphs, the cure of a religious, mortally afflicted, whose restoration to health, it is hoped, would help the cause of the martyrs, not only by proving the power of their intercession, but also in many other ways.

June 3, 1895.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

The statue of Our Lady, Queen of Martyrs, arrived Saturday, and was delivered and unpacked without the slightest damage. I am under obligation to you for your care and trouble in the packing and shipment of it.

I cannot properly express my admiration of the piece as a work of art and of devotion. Anyone who has tried to secure a small statue that would excite sentiments of devotion and reverence, and has had to be content with one that makes him close his eyes as he prays before it, that his imagination may picture something of the tenderness and beauty and love of her sweet face—such a one must, indeed, feel a thrill of happiness and gratitude, not only to look upon, but to possess an image of his mother whose serene loveliness and grace will ever after give form and distinctness to his imaginations of her, and make more personal and intimate his dear relationship to her, who ever looks down upon him in a beauty maternal and virginal, majestic and tender, mournful and yet touched already with some indefinable suggestion of the glory of Easter morning.

But if this statue is precious for its devotional and inspiring beauty, it is even more so as the model and original of our first Shrine of public pilgrimage and devotion to our Lady in the United States—a shrine our Lady will bless by giving to us Saints of our own, and which will become a centre of grace and light to ourselves and those who are not of our holy faith—a centre of miracles even we dare to hope.

All these privileges, I feel, will in some measure be shared with or accorded to this original and model that has been trusted to me, if we fail not, here, to honor it as it deserves. That we may not fail, I appeal to the charity of your prayers and those of all the clients of Our Lady of Martyrs and the Associates of the League.

I have not yet determined what disposition I shall make of my treasure. I have not yet a suitable shrine for it in my own home, but I am loth to part with it. I may send it to the Convent here until I can prepare a worthy place for it in my own home. I want it in some way to be instrumental in the beginning of a good work here. I ask your prayers for this.

Yours respectfully,

CHARLES H. MISNER.

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THE LOURDES AND PARAY PILGRIMAGE.

SECOND SECTION.—FIRST PART.

Owing to the many requests for a shorter and more direct itinerary to the shrines at Lourdes and Paray, there will be a second section of the American National Pilgrimage noticed in the July *Messenger*.

Wednesday, July 31, 1895. Leave New York by Red Star Line Steamship "Westernland.'
Monday, August 12. Arrive at Antwerp and proceed to Paris.
Tuesday, August 13. Leave Paris for Bordeaux.
Wednesday, August 14. To be spent in Bordeaux.
Thursday, August 15. Leave Bordeaux for Lourdes, and join main party, arriving same day.
Friday, August 16, Tuesday 20. To be spent in Lourdes.
Wednesday, August 21. Leave Lourdes and arrive at Nimes.
Thursday, August 22. Leave Nimes at noon for Lyons.
Friday, August 23. To be spent in Lyons, the second city in France.
Saturday, August 24. Leave Lyons for Paray-le-Monial
Sunday, August 25. In Paray-le-Monial.
Monday, August 26. Leave Paray-le-Monial for Paris.
Tuesday, August 27, Thursday 29. To be spent in Paris.
Friday, August 30. Leave Paris for Antwerp.
Saturday, August 31. Leave Antwerp by Steamship "Berlin" for New York.
Monday, September 9. Arrive in New York. Cost $250.00

SECOND PART.

Same as Section I, to Paris, August 29.

Thursday, August 29. Leave Paris in the evening for London.
Friday, August 30, Sunday, September 1. To be spent in London.
Monday, September 2. Travel to Dublin, arriving same evening.
Tuesday, September 3, Wednesday 4. To be spent in Dublin, capital of Ireland.
Thursday, September 5. In Killarney; then Cork and Queenstown.
Friday, September 6. Leave Queenstown by Cunard Line steamer for Boston.
Sunday, September 15. Arrive in Boston and leave for New York.
Monday, September 16. Arrive in New York. Cost $305 00

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

M. B., Chestnut Hill, Phila., Pa. $1 00
A Client of Mary, St. Paul, Minn., for a favor received. 2 00
"Anon." per A. M. R., Brooklyn, N. Y., in thanksgiving. 45 25
A. P., Chicago, Ill. 1 00
M. A. K., Philadelphia, Pa. . 6 00
Mrs. S., Memphis, Tenn., for three intentions 1 00
C. J. W., Altoona, Pa. . . . 1 00
C. H. M., Peoria, Ill. . . . 25 00
C. J. G., Newark, N. J., for an intention 1 00
J. A. D., Beavis Meadow . . 23 00
C. T., Sarnia, Ont., Canada . 1 00
A Promoter, Providence, R. I., in thanksgiving $1 00
M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y., for two intentions 5 00
Miss H., New York City, for the statue 20 00
S. M. T., Brooklyn, N. Y., for an intention 75
A Promoter, Boston, Mass., for several intentions . . . 1 00
L. E. M., Pottsville, Pa., in thanksgiving 1 00
Mrs. J. H., Iowa City, Ia., in thanksgiving 50
Mrs. T. K., Lowell, Mass., in thanksgiving 1 00

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions:

For the Propagation of the Faith.

"Anon." per A. M. R., Brooklyn, N. Y. $25 00

For Father Daignault, Zambesi Mission.

Mrs. B., New York City . . 1 00

For Father Rapp, S.J., Jamaica Mission.

A. L., Detroit, Mich. . . . 1 00

For the Poor at Rome.

F. H., Brooklyn, N. Y. . . $10 50

For Mgr. Barthe, S.J., Muditanandel Mission.

Rev. J. M., Mattoon, Ill. . . 10 00
A Child of Mary, Pt. Pleasant, N. J. 1 00

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POINTS FOR THE COUNCIL.

A glance at the League Almanac and Calendar reveals the fact that the month of August is rich in opportunities to increase our zeal in the work of the League, and full of feasts peculiarly suited to workers in the interests of the Sacred Heart.

We have already called attention to the fact that during the summer vacation special attention must be given to the distribution of the Decade Leaflets. This little leaflet is a constant reminder to the Associate of his essential duty as a member of the League, namely, the making of the Morning Offering. It gives, moreover, the General Intention for which all the Associates the world over are praying. If any Associate should fail to receive the Leaflet he would be deprived of this stimulus to his memory, and, perhaps, remain ignorant of the General Intention. The consequence is evident. Many prayers, labors and sufferings would be wanting to the chorus of pleadings that ascend to the throne of the Sacred Heart, and many graces would not be given because they would not have been asked for. "Ask and you shall receive."

It is, therefore, instructive to learn how zealous Promoters arrange for the distribution of their tickets while they are away from their centres on a much needed vacation. Where there are no Council meetings, as happens in many centres during July and August, the Secretary or a substitute is at hand to mail the Decade Leaflets to the Promoter, who, in turn, mails them to Associates. When a Promoter is at home

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and the Associates are away, the mail is also employed to reach the members of the band. Again, Promoters who are at home during July fulfil the duties of those who are away, and will expect to have the same kindness shown them should they take their vacation in August. Others again find substitutes among the Associates who will attend to their bands during their absence, and this method of substitution has the advantage of training new Promoters. All these different methods and others that have fallen under our notice are evidence of the zeal of Promoters in the interests of the Sacred Heart.

During the summer months the Promoters and Associates are brought in contact with many who are unacquainted with the League and the great spiritual benefits accruing from membership in it. In the past, many zealous Promoters have availed themselves of these opportunities, to the great good of souls. The field is still large for the spread of this good work, and Promoters will here find a practical way of applying the General Intention for August. This Intention has in view the good of those who live in country districts. A Promoter spending a few weeks in the country and explaining this devotion will leave behind a means of keeping alive the practices of faith in places where the facilities for public religious exercises are very meagre. To help on such work we call attention to the fact that in July we promised to send free, on application, the Almanac and other small prints, when they may be needed for distribution.

Many of our Promoters are actively engaged in teaching, and all have the true education of children at heart, hence to them especially, we recommend the General Intention for July as explained in the July *Messenger*.

During this month we celebrate the feasts of Saints Alphonsus, Augustine and Dominic, all devoted in a par-

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ticular way to the Sacred Heart, and hence apt models for the members of the League. St. Dominic, who established and preached the devotion of the Holy Rosary, which has been ever since so zealously propagated by his faithful sons of the Dominican Order, to the immense profit of souls; St. Alphonsus Liguori, the founder of the Redemptorists, whose ardent love for the Sacred Heart is breathed forth in his writings, will serve as models for all the members of the League. What more beautiful offering than that contained in his aspirations to the Sacred Heart, "O lovely flames that consume the loving Heart of my Jesus, enkindle in my poor heart that holy fire which Jesus came down from heaven to kindle upon earth. Consume and destroy all the impure affections that dwell in my heart and which prevent it from being entirely His. O my God, grant that I may only exist to love Thee, and Thee alone, my dearest Saviour." The spirit of reparation is breathed forth in the same aspirations: "If at one time I lived in forgetfulness of Thee, Thou art now the sole object of my love. I love Thee, I love Thee, I love Thee, and I will never love any but Thee." But it was especially to the Sacred Heart in the Sacrament of the altar that this great saint was devoted. Thus he addresses the Sacred Heart: "I know that on this altar Thou still lovest me with that same love with which Thou didst love me when Thou didst close Thy divine life in the midst of so much anguish on the cross." The feast of St. Jane Frances de Chantal, Aug. 21, and the beatification of B. Margaret Mary, Aug. 19, will be observed with profit by Promoters.

During the present month we notice the anniversary of the issuance of two papal rescripts in favor of the League, that of "faculties to League Directors," given 1867, and that of "Indulgences for Associates who recite the Holy Decade," given 1884. In our thanksgivings we should remember these favors, as well as the present great activity of the League. This was especially evident during the month of June, in the fitting celebrations of the feast of the Sacred Heart, the increased number of Promoters' Receptions and the

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addition to the ranks of the Promoters of such a great number of faithful workers in the interests of the Sacred Heart, who had proved themselves worthy of the Cross and Diploma.

HINTS FROM MONTHLY PATRONS.

S. Alphonsus Liguori 2nd) gives this valuable advice: "Consider every occasion of self-denial as a right which God bestows upon you, that you may be able to merit greater glory in another life; and remember that what can be done to-day cannot be performed to-morrow, for time past never returns."

"God has never," said S. Dominic (4th) "refused me what I have asked." He knew how to ask, for he put himself under the patronage of our Blessed Lady, who revealed to him her Rosary.

"Your first duty is to your soul, and then other things may come: always remembering that the good of the soul is to be the final object of everything," so taught B. Peter Faber (8th) by his words and by his life.

"Behold the treasures of the Church," said the sainted Deacon Lawrence (10th) to the pagan Roman Prefect, sent by the Emperor to confiscate the silver and gold. The treasures were the aged, the poor, the infirm, and the unfortunate. Let us have a like appreciation of them.

"They say that we are too poor; but can a heart which possesses God be truly called poor?" So spoke the holy foundress of the poor Clares, who refused all revenues for her religious, and would have but one possession—the Blessed Sacrament (11th.)

"Make a great deal of the very least things," was a favorite saying of S. John Berchmans (13th.) He carried it out in his life, always trying to perform most faithfully even things in themselves very trifling, realizing that nothing is really trifling when done for God.

"God has assured us that with His help nothing is impossible, and this help will never fail us when we have no other intention but to please Him." Such was the confidence expressed by S. Roch (16th) when offering himself to nurse the plague-stricken.

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"Let us praise the man glorious in His generation, because the Lord gave to him the blessing of all nations, and on whose head He made His covenant to rest." So sings the Church of S. Joachim (18th), the father of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Should we not join our voices to his praise?

S. Helen (19th) prized the cross of Christ more than her imperial rank with all its dignity; in its honor she banished her wealth and her interest. How many Christians of our days are ashamed of the cross of Christ?

S. Bernard (20th) kept himself ever up to the mark of his calling by daily asking himself: "To what end didst thou come hither?" There can be no more appropriate question for each one to put himself when examining his conscience every day, being a constant reminder of whither we are going.

"Lord Jesus, may Thy will be done, with no if's, with no but's, with no exceptions." Such was the heroic prayer of S. Jane Frances de Chantal (21st) exemplified in her life in all its stages.

"Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile," was our Lord's description of S. Bartholomew (24th.) It was this guilelessness that attracted the love of Christ, who recommended the simplicity of doves as a mark of the true Christian.

"I would willingly have my own lips branded to root out blasphemy from my kingdom," was the noble declaration of S. Louis (25th), who exerted all his royal power to make the name of God reverenced.

"Dost thou desire to see God? First, purify thy heart and take away from it whatever thou seest therein displeasing to God." S. Augustine (28th) gives the advice, and also an example of it in his own converted life.

"Would you win heaven? You must be generous, and toil hard and suffer much, for the reward which God has prepared is itself exceedingly great." So counselled S. Rose of Lima, amid her excruciating pains of body and soul, while crying out: "Lord, increase my sufferings, and with them Thy love in my heart." At length the Bridegroom came and said: "Rose of My Heart, be thou My spouse."

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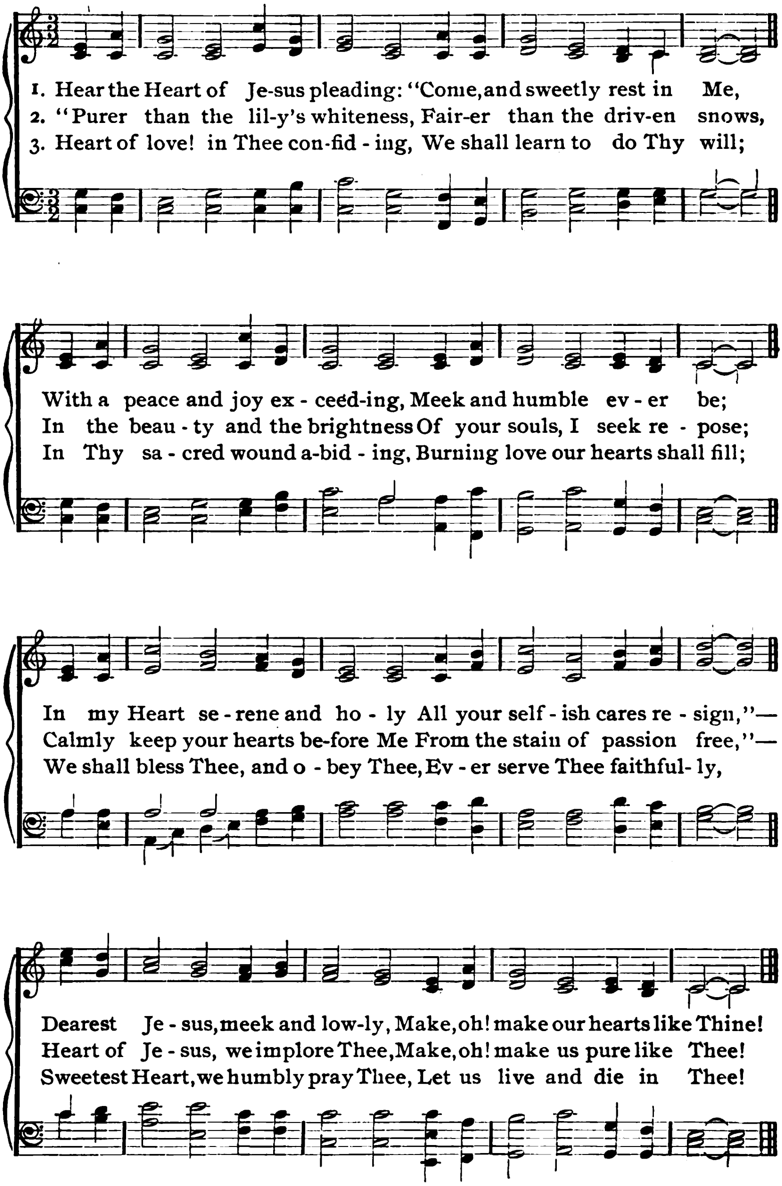
Hear the Heart of Jesus Pleading.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY. Rev. ALFRED YOUNG, C.S.P.



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NEWS FROM LOCAL CENTRES.

——The immediate and tangible fruit of the League wherever started is the frequentation of the Sacraments. A Promoter from Waukon, Ia., writes: "Our centre is doing a large amount of good. There are crowds receiving Holy Communion every Sunday in honor of the Sacred Heart." A priest writes from Chapman, Kansas: "The number of communions has been increased four-fold since the League was established here seven months ago."

——We have received a most gratifying account of the prosperity and progress of the League in Holy Trinity Centre, Paula, Kansas.

——St. Peter's Centre, Jersey City, N. J., reports 33,915 actual members in the first degree, 25,041 in the second degree and 12,982 in the third degree. The League has an excellent choir, and the 1st Friday services there are eminently devotional.

——We acknowledge the receipt of a brilliant report of a double reception of Promoters and members of the Holy Name Society in the Sacred Heart Church, Jermyn, Pa., on the feast of the Holy Name, last January. Forty Promoters received their Diplomas and Crosses, and over one hundred men were received in the Holy Name Society. The work of the Holy Name Society is eminently a work of reparation and tallies well with the *Apostleship* and the devotion to the Divine Heart.

——From Grand Coteaux is reported a successful attempt at the introduction of the League in a parochial school. By their fruits you shall know them. Twenty-three white children during the month of May registered the following treasury: Hours of labor, 241; hours of silence, 636; visits to the Blessed Sacrament, 316; mortifications, 277; self-conquest, 154. Sixty colored children still on probation registered in the same time: Angelus and prayers, 2,538; beads, 1,296; hours of labor, 936; hours of silence, 653; self-conquest, 304; visits to the Blessed Sacrament, 447; pious readings, 689.

——We have received the following interesting report from St. Ignatius Centre, San Francisco, California:

The work of the Apostleship of Prayer here has been progressing rapidly. The first meeting of Promoters was held October 14, 1894. There was a good attendance, and the volunteers have proved faithful. For the reception on Decem-

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ber 7, there were 26 to receive the Diploma and Cross, 2 more were admitted a little later, and on the Feast of the Ascension we had the most solemn ceremony which has yet taken place in connection with the League, when there were 122 candidates for Promoter's honors, 25 being men. The services began with Vespers, after which the Director, Rev. H. Woods, S.J., paid a short but eloquent tribute to the Promoters of the League. The Crosses were blessed and solemnly conferred with the Diplomas upon the new Promoters. Solemn Benediction followed, during which the Director read the Act of Consecration. It was an interesting sight, and a visible evidence of the work of the Apostleship during the past seven months.

We have been told that it is a sign of the true life and work of the League, when devotion to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament is increased, and we cannot but feel that the blessing of the Sacred Heart is with us when we already have 80 weekly bands of Perpetual Reparation. The number of enrolled Associates is nearly six thousand. Contributions to the Treasury of Good Works are large and increasing. The Badge has become a familiar sight in the Church.

On every First Friday the Blessed Sacrament is exposed all day. In the evening there are devotions for all the Associates—the Decade, a sermon from the Director, and solemn Benediction. The General Communion of Reparation is made on the second Sunday of the month.

The lady Promoters meet every third Sunday of the month, and the gentlemen the following Thursday evening.

On the Feast of the Sacred Heart we shall have a solemn consecration of all the Associates, and with this beautiful feast we hope to receive an increase of fervor and zeal for the interests of our Divine Lord, who has so abundantly blessed our feeble efforts.

A Zealous Local Director's Report.

Nativity Centre, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1895.

Rev. Dear Father:

"I send you herewith report for January Intentions and good works; also thanksgivings for twenty-three special favors granted through the League prayers. The first of these was so remarkable that I thought it well to give you a more detailed account of it.

"A few weeks ago I was called to the bedside of a man who was in the last stages of consumption. He was a Free-Mason for the last thirty-five years, advanced high in the

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order and for twelve years was chaplain of his lodge. I did not dare speak of religion until my third visit to him. When I merely hinted to him his reconciliation with the Church, he scouted the idea and denied the possibility of God giving to any man the power of remitting sin. After repeated explanations and entreaties he declared that he would not believe; that he would die as he had lived, and that my services as a priest were not wanted.

"When told that I would have the Promoters pray for him, he laughed at it. Nevertheless, I requested the Promoters at their regular meeting, January 22, to ask the Sacred Heart for his conversion. The Friday following he sent for me. It happened that I was unable to go. Another priest attended him. With all the fervor of the most devout Catholic, he made his confession and received the last Sacraments. On Sunday I enrolled him in the League in the Band of Promoters, whose patron is St. Francis de Sales. He kissed most reverently the Rosary I gave him, wore his League Badge, and asked his wife to place the Sacred Heart picture where he would have it before his eyes. Monday at midnight he recited the beads with his family, remarking how glad he was to recite once again the prayers of his boyhood. An hour or two after, on Tuesday, the Feast of St. Francis de Sales, the Merciful Heart of Jesus took him to Itself. Naturally the impression made on the Promoters on hearing this was one of profound thankfulness and increased confidence. Many of them turned to the Blessed Sacrament to thank the Sacred Heart for the great miracle of grace wrought through their sincere and humble prayer."

Obituary.

We recommend to the prayers of our Associates the souls of the following Promoters: Rev. J. J. Morgan, Cathedral, Scranton, Pa.; Miss Nellie Tierney, Our Lady of the Scapular Centre, New York; Mary J. Dillon, St. Ignatius Centre, San Francisco, Cal.; Miss Adele Ley, St. Alphonsus Centre, St. Louis, Mo.; Misses Kate O'Hearn and Sarah Jordan, St. Patrick's Centre, New York; Sister Mary Frances Reardon, Convent of our Lady of Mercy, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Mary Corcoran, St. Vincent's, South Boston, Mass. —*May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace!*

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GENERAL INTENTION FOR AUGUST, 1895.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

The Tillers of the Soil.

THE Heart that sympathized with the multitude on the mountain and wrought a miracle that they might not go away hungry, is no less in sympathy to-day with the larger portion of the human family engaged in agricultural pursuits. The tiller of the soil is hedged around with special difficulties growing out of present social conditions. He toils incesantly, from year to year, while others actuated by selfishness and avarice, and for their own advantage, control and fix the price of his labor and of the product of his toil.

He lives in a sparsely settled district, deprived of the educational and religious advantages of his city brother. As a consequence, he has too often been the prey of the political trickster and proselytizing, itinerant preacher. The sad effect of these two evil influences is visible in legislation, inimical to the best temporal interests of the farmer, in defections from the faith, which have been most numerous in the country, and in the increase of prejudice and bigotry among the non-Catholics of rural districts who have been further removed from Catholic influence, and who learn of the Church from those only whose interest it is to malign her.

The increase of educational advantages in country districts will bring with it a more independent and enlightened use of the ballot, and, consequently, a more favorable legislative representation as well as safe-guard the rural population against the calumnies of religious bigots.

Wealthy Catholics have a field for the exercise of their charity by supporting from their abundance, in poor districts, churches, schools and pastors, to preserve and to spread faith. Promoters, by spreading the League in such places can do much, because this devotion tends to bring about mutual intercourse in the interests of faith, which is so needed in the isolation of a farming population.

The tiller of the soil lives in continual communion with nature, and easily rises from nature to nature's God. He ploughs and plants and cultivates, but he looks to God for the increase. Removed from the enervating influences of city life, the domestic virtues, become the public virtues of such communities, and it is a matter of history that the nations look to the country for their most sturdy citizens. Hence the welfare of the farming populations is closely connected with the welfare of the nation and of the Church.

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